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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Happy New Year!

"Happy New Year!" Like a bell,
Peals the happy, joyous call
"Happy New Year!" Louder yet!
"Happy New Year, one and all!"

As the cheery cry rings out
Winter storms are all forgot;
Gloomy skies are summer blue;
Tears no more life's pages blot.

Hope again with tints of rose
Paints our castles in the air,
Happy thoughts drive care away,
And happy smiles our faces wear.

"Happy New Year!" once again
Falls upon our waiting ear.
Childish is the voice that calls,
Joyous, fearless, sweet and clear.

Years slip off, and youth anew
Fires our blood like mellow wine.
Age and honors count for naught—
Sixty's sadder far than nine!

"Happy New Year!" Speed the wish!
Send it thrilling through the air
Till every heart beats perfect time
To "Happy New Year!" everywhere.
—*New York Press.*

HALVERSON'S AWAKENING.

It was all over with Halverson, and even his tossed and harassed brain, seeking some way out, knew it well. He was done. To his fitful struggles an end had come, or must come now, this day. Another morning would be too hateful. Whether fate were unkind or merely remorselessly just was an inquiry he did not seek to make, for it would be futile. It was too late for speculation. What good to analyze the past for causes when the irresistible, impending effect was upon him—when it had not only knocked at his door, but had entered and stood waiting, beckoning and impatient?

The old year was going out. So must he, too, go out, like a big candle, but whither? What care does old Time take of his children, the dead years? Where do wearied souls find haven when the clay which gave them tenement is cold? He propped his back with pillows and sat up in bed, staring out the window into the falling gloom of the short December afternoon, but seeing not even the scattered flakes of snow banished from a few scurrying clouds marking the winter sky with swift changing formations. His thoughts were introspective, but dominating them all in gloomy monotone, like the irreverent booming of a deep toned bell marking a sunken reef, telling of destruction standing with jaws agape, was that one he could not escape if he would—he was done; he was done; here was the end!

The barren room, ill clad even for that poor tenement, excited his disgust as with a long groan he came back to his surroundings. It smelled evil, too, like a basement dive, for he had slept there long—how long he hardly knew—and it reeked of his potations. He got up unsteadily and drawing on his trousers, flung up a window overlooking the street. The fresh, keen air rushed upon him bittingly, but he seemed not to feel its sting. Leaning far out, he drank it eagerly. Lighted cars, filled with home going people who seemed gay, hurried past on North Clark Street, parkward, to the runic rhyme of the cable, to the clanging of the bells the gripmen gave voice in warning or in greeting. Most of the passengers carried little bundles. Some of them held boughs or wreaths of decorative evergreen. To-morrow would be the New Year. They were going home, content, perhaps with good resolutions. Going where? Home?

Where was his home? What was it? He shivered and, shutting down the window, drew to the pile of huddled clothes which lay upon the floor beside his bed.

The door behind him opened softly, letting in a shaft of yellow light from the room beyond, and it threw across the floor, even to his feet, the shadow of the woman who loved him. As she stood there, looking uncertainly into the dusk where he sat obscured, his eyes were still bent upon that silhouette, picturing on the coarse matting her waved hair, her fair outline, all grace and dear womahnood, all his—the pearl he had won as prize in life's tourney and flung away.

"George!" his wife called gently. "Are you getting up?"

He grunted roughly, for in truth a new kindled emotion choked him, and he would not trust his tongue.

As if in echo of his voice there came from the lighted room the sound of clattering blocks and falling tin, a swift patter of little feet and an eager, childish treble crying out gleefully:

"Oh, mamma, is papa up?"

A boy of 6 years ran past his mother and, with instinctive seeking, like steel to magnet, plunged through the semi-darkness straight into his father's arms with a shout of joy.

The man cuddled him close, but beneath his breath uttered something like another groan.

"Santa Claus is coming tomorrow, papa," the child said, and as the man sat still, only hugging him closer, he went on: "Because, you know, he couldn't get here Christmas, he was so busy, and there were so many poor children he had to see. But he's coming to-morrow. Mamma said so, didn't you, mamma? And, say"—he put up his lips confidentially and whispered—"we've got a chicken and some nuts."

"Bring in the lamp, Kate," said Halverson hoarsely, struggling up from the clinging child. "I've got to dress and go."

"Supper is nearly ready," she said. "You'll eat with us won't you? It isn't often we have you nowadays, George."

"I've got to go," he repeated.

She brought in a lamp as he drew on his shoes and fastened his suspenders. He strode to the little mirror in the cheap pine dresser and lathered his face before it in silence. The boy looked on in interested silence as he began to shave himself. The woman sat upon the bed and regarded him wistfully, but in silence also.

The odor of stewing foods came from the other rooms. The man nodded his head significantly toward the open door as his razor paused.

"The neighbors must have sent something in," he said, with a bitter sneer, "or was it the country agent? What's all this talk about Santa Claus anyway? Have you been mocking your own child again? Aren't things bad enough without that?"

His tone was harsh, and the woman smiled pathetically. She answered gently:

"A mother doesn't mock her baby. Georgie will have all he has been led to expect tomorrow anyway. And it's the New Year George, dear"—she rose and came to him, putting her hand on his shoulder—"it's the New Year, full of hope, if not of promise. Can't we be brave together? You always have said you wanted only a chance; that something must turn up. Perhaps it will when the New Year comes."

He shook the hand away, and the razor cut his cheek.

"You must have had a windfall," he snarled as he stanched the wound. "You talk like you might be an heiress. It wasn't the neighbors, then?"

"There was no windfall," she answered slowly. "I was only trying to hold on for your sake and—and his. I had a ring, you know."

Her voice faltered, and he wheeled sharply, looking into her face. She held up her bare left hand and smiled into his eyes bravely for one flitting moment. Then she flung herself prone upon the bed, shaking with convulsive sobs. The child ran to her and, burying his face in her skirts, cried too.

Halverson made haste to finish dressing. As he hurried into his ulster his wife rose quickly and staid him with a gesture.

"You won't stay?"

"I can't," he muttered surlily. "I have an engagement."

"You'll be back to-night?"

"Where else could I go?" he answered, but his eyes evaded hers. "George," she said pleadingly, "to-morrow will be New Year's. There is something I wish you would bring me home tonight for a New Year's gift. Will you?"

His wife clung to him as she spoke, both arms around his neck.

"What is it?" he asked. His throat was full of husks, but his manner softened. The boy crept to him and wrapped him tight.

"A new man, George," she said brokenly.

He kissed her, stooped and kissed the boy and went out without a word.

Halverson walked with uncertain, hesitating step eastward in the dim bystreet to Clark. Empty cars were running southward. It was 6 o'clock. The sky was clearing, and the night promised fair. Along the great artery of the North Side, smooth in its new dress of asphalt, the brilliant electric light shone in farfetching lanes, a milky way fallen to gross earth. As the bell of an approaching train heralded its coming he felt mechanically in his pockets for fare. There was nothing. Shrugging closer into his collar, he started riverward, walking more briskly now. He was shivering, although well clad, and within a block he entered a saloon. The barkeeper was alone.

"I guess you'll have to let me have one on credit till next time, Dick," said Halverson, with affected briskness. "It's pretty sharp outside, old man. Off the shelf, please."

The barkeeper looked at him curiously as he poured out a glassful of whisky and drank it eagerly.

"You look like a ghost, sure enough," his host commented as Halverson set down the glass. "What have you been doing to yourself, my son?"

A roistering party of young men burst through the doorway before Halverson could answer. He knew them all, and they greeted him effusively.

"We're out for sport to-night, Georgie, my lad. Come along and see the old year out. Be a good fellow!" cried one, slapping his back with zealous energy.

Halverson laughed. "I'm broke to-night, Charley," he said airily, as if it were a joke he could not but relish.

"That makes no difference," returned Charley boisterously. "I've got enough for both of us. Just drew a month's pay, you know. Come on."

What did it matter? Since he was going to end it all, was going to make his escape, was going to shuffle off his responsibilities this night before ever the new year dawned, what did it matter? One more night, with the riot of spirits in the shaking pulses, a last whirl of the town! It might harden his grim resolution. He would go, and he went.

It was ten hours later when a porter with bucket, mop and broom shook him roughly by the shoulder. He found himself sleeping heavily in a chair in an all night saloon in Fifth Avenue. How he had come there he did not remember.

"Get out and get some air! It's New Year's!" called the white-aproned man behind the bar. "You ain't dead, are you?"

Halverson rose with a start, awake. Recollection had rushed upon him like an armed man and thrust home. He knew what he had to do and grimly set to do it quickly. Without a word he went out. He walked fast to Randolph Street and put his face to the east. So this was the hour! Well, he was ready. The water might be cold, but he would not shiver long. He went on swiftly.

Presently he was aware one paced behind him with equal step. If he slackened, the other lagged. When he put forth a brisker foot, the other held to his heel. This annoyed him, but he did not look around. "I will shake him off at the viaduct," he said to himself.

"You are in haste to-night," the other called banteringly over his shoulder. "Why to-night? Why not yesterday? Why not ten years ago? Why not to-morrow?"

The other drew beside him. Halverson looked furtively and knew his companion, though it had been long since they had spoken. A gloomy frown clouded his flushed brow.

"It must be to-night. It is the end," he said, as if in apology.

"Ah!" said the other. "Is it so? It is you, then, who will leave it all behind, who will flee, who will be the coward? What of them? What of her? What of the boy? Must they bear the brunt alone?"

"I cannot help it," he faltered. "They can be no worse off anyway. And it isn't my fault. It's the cursed luck!" he ended savagely.

"Yes, the 'cursed luck,'" the other answered, echoing his own innermost thought. "Whose cursed luck? Theirs, not yours. Has she been loyal, devoted, loving, true, forbearing, a wife, a mother? And has he called you papa, dear, and looked with his deep truthful eyes to you as his shield and his refuge, his solace, his God? And you, what have you done? Have you poured your patrimony down your throat? Have you sunk your manhood at the gaming cloth? Have you paid love with neglect and cast the joys of fatherhood to swine? Have you, who have talent and education and once had friends, sold your possessions stick by stick until your wife pawns her wedding ring to buy fire and food for her baby—and for you?

Halverson hung his head. They were on the viaduct now. The other drew yet closer until he touched him. A pale light faltered among the stars which marked the east before them They walked on together.

"Pah!" cried the other in a burst of high scorn. "You sicken me. You are less courageous than the mere beast, you with a brain. Do you think you are nothing? Do you believe by pulling the shelter of the lake over your own miserable head and body you preserve your honor? Why, man, man, man! Awake!"

They stood far out upon the long pier beside the deep water.

"Even now," the other cried, with energy, turning Halverson to him, so that they looked in each other's set face, "a sweet faced woman kneels beside your bed and prays. Tears fall from her eyes upon a little, restless child, who stirs and snuggless to her, asking, with shut eyes, 'Is papa home yet, mamma?'"

"O God!" Halverson burst out in agony, stretching forth his arms. The other caught his hands and held them tightly.

"You made a promise," he said very softly. "You sealed it with a kiss. Kate begged of you a New Year's gift to make her happy. Shall it be hers? See, the sun is rising from the lake. The new year is dawning. Shall it be hers?"

Halverson fell upon his knees. The specter of his quickened conscience faded from his grasp and left him there alone. Two tears, priceless gems, dug from the mine of his reformation, crept across his cheeks, now pallid, but there was a new light in his deep eyes The sun was tiptoe on the water's edge. Across the ripple lake from the full orb even to his knees shone a golden pathway leading up, it seemed to him, to higher things.

He rose and stood erect, facing the day. Lifting up his arms, he cried out aloud:

"Oh, Kate! Oh, wife! You have your New Year's gift. I go to you a man."—*Chicago Chronicle.*

ROMAN NEW YEAR.

VARIOUS DATES CELEBRATED AT DIFFERENT PERIODS.

The good old Romans, who had some hard common sense in spite of their self conceit, believed thoroughly in New Year's day. They were characteristically careless as to when it should be celebrated, and sometimes it was held at various dates of the year by communities living at no greater distance from each other than a railroad train would take them in these days in a few hours. But so long as they got the full number of high days and holidays into the 12 months, the good old Romans cared little whether they adhered strictly to the almanac or not.

Even when Christianity became an established institution in the land and the Christian leaders began to systematize the days for celebrations in which the church participated, there was still a difference of opinion as to the day on which New Year's day has been kept on the date set apart for Christmas, while it got so mixed up with the other divisions of time at another period that it was kept on Easter day one year and on the 1st of March on another. It is necessary to trace the celebration of the first New Year's day clear down to the sixteenth century before any definite understanding of the proper day for the celebration can be found.—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

Do God's will, and go thy way.

NEW YEAR'S IN SCOTLAND.

New Year's is the great Scottish holiday. Christmas is of course an official holiday, and in the large towns, despite old prejudices, its observance is becoming more recognized among the better business houses. But for the general population of the country the New Year is the great holiday festival, and though temperance sentiment is making its way, there is still a great deal of hard drinking at this season. It is none the less a fact, however, that the spread of temperance education and the better amusement of the people are gradually having their influence in making New Year's less of a saturnalia than it was wont to be.

Bringing in the New Year at the Tron Church, Edinburgh, is a time honored custom which does not seem to be falling into disuse. On the last night of 1898 thousands of young people, with a sprinkling of older persons, congregated as usual at the Tron Church, which is in the heart of old Edinburgh, to speed the passing year. When the church clock showed midnight, a loud cheer was raised, handshaking became general, the old salutation, "A happy New Year!" was heard on all sides, and, bottles of the national beverage having been produced from topcoat pockets, healths were generously pledged. After this had been done bands of roistering youths and maidens set off to "first foot" their friends.—*Chicago Record.*

New Year's in Russia.

CUSTOMS OF THE FESTIVAL PECULIAR TO THE LAND OF THE CZAR.

In the smaller cities in Russia New Year's day is in the 12 days' festival. The Russians in many parts have held to the old ways from time immemorial. The preparations for the season begin early in November. The host of some great house begins to lay in stores of salted beef and sausages, liquors, etc.

The hostess calls on all her friends and invites young and old. Next day she is succeeded by the nurse, who makes the same round of visits. Her duty is especially to invite the young ladies. She is hailed with joy, and the lady of the house hastens to mix for her the cup of wine. She delivers her errand and is plied with questions as to the invited and the rejected But the most important question is "Who are the elected?" These are the young men invited by the hostess for girls, or "fair maidens," as they are called. The duty of the young man thus designated is to look after the amusement and pleasure of his "fair maiden" for the "12 days." The responsibility of the choice lying with the hostess, she has to be careful in her selections.—*New York World.*

New Year's Gifts In Spain.

In Spain, as well as in Portugal, the luxury to which a pretty woman devotes the most care and attention is the lace used in the fashioning of her fan and, above all, for her mantilla. Few men have any idea until they attempt to make a New Year's offering of this kind of the amount of money that can be lavished on even the tiniest piece of lace, particularly if it happens to be old Italian or Spanish point, dating from the sixteenth or seventeenth century. Ignorant as the Spanish woman is on most subjects, she is conspicuous for her profound and extensive knowledge of the different kinds of lace, and her talent for distinguishing point d'alencon from point d'argentan, and point de venise from that old Italian point known by the name of Greek lace, is only equaled by the grace with which she wears the national mantilla and manœuvers her fan.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

New Year's Loving Cup.

A bowl of spiced ale, in which were roasted apples, toast and sugar, was carried round from house to house New Year's eve by the village maidens, who sang songs and wished every one a happy New Year. The loving cup of present times is a relic of this ancient and still observed English custom.—*Selected.*

Things Not to Do on New Year's

Don't wear new shoes or let anybody give you a pair at any time during the Christmas week. A Herfordshire farmer once did this, and he "lost a sight of cattle that year." Don't bake bread, either, during that week. It is sure to bring misfortune. And, above all, if washing day should fall on New Year's, put it off by all means, or you will be "washed out of existence" before the year is ended. It is better not even to wash the plates and dishes. One thing, however, you may do to advantage—go as early as you can to a well or a fountain and offer it an apple or a nosegay, and you will have good, wholesome water all through the year.

Footprints In the Ashes.

Sweetened ale or egg flip is the prescribed beverage for the drinking of healths on New Year's. In Scotland the housewife takes care before retiring the last night of the year to spread the ashes smoothly on the hearth. If in the morning the print of a foot can be detected, with the toe pointing toward the door, it is thought to foretell a death in the family during the year, but if the toe points in an opposite direction there will be a marriage soon.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A Philosophic Problem.

A Virginia congressman used many years ago to tell a story which may have been intended as a parable for politicians who approach questions from the wrong side. It is still capable of performing that office, not only for politicians, but for others.

The proprietor of tan-yard built a stand on one of the main streets of a Virginia town, for the purpose of selling leather and buying raw hides

When he had completed the building, he considered for a long time what sort of sign to put up to attract attention to the establishment. Finally a happy thought struck him. He bored an auger-hole through the door-post and stuck a calf's tail into it with the tufted end outside.

After a while he saw a solemn-faced man standing near the door looking at the sign, his eyes in a round, meditative stare behind his spectacles. The tanner watched a minute, then stepped out and addressed him.

"Good morning, sir!" he said.

"Morning!" said the other, without taking his eyes off the sign.

"Want to buy leather?" asked the tanner.

"No."

"Got any hides to sell?"

"No."

"Are you a farmer?"

"No."

"Merchant?"

"No."

"Lawyer?"

"No."

"Doctor?"

"No."

"What are you, then?"

"I'm a philosopher. I'm been standing here for an hour trying to figure out how that calf got through that auger-hole."

BUFFALO AND ROCHESTER.

BUFFALO.

First and Third Sunday of each month (in the basement of St. Paul's Church, entrance on Pearl Street, near Church Street), 8 P.M., Evening Prayer; Second Sunday, 11 A.M., Holy Communion; Fourth Sunday, 11 A.M., Morning Prayer.

All other Sundays (on the second floor of the Parish House, 128 Pearl Street, opposite St. Paul's Church).

Second and Fourth Fridays, 8 P.M. Meeting of the Pan-a-Pan Society, (in the Parish House).

ROCHESTER.

In Parish House of St. Luke's Church.

First Sunday of month, 11 A.M. Holy Communion.

Second and Fourth Sundays, 7:30 P.M. Evening Prayer.

Third Sunday, 11 A.M. Morning Prayer.

First Thursday of month, 8 P.M. Ladies' Aid Society.

All other Thursdays, 8 P.M. Social gatherings.

ST. LOUIS.

The Gallaudet Union, at its December meeting, spent an evening with Eugene Field, the poet and humorist, who was born in this city. All stories and sings delivered showed the versatility of the writer. Mrs. Rodenberger, Miss Herdman, and Messrs. Rodenberger, Jones, Hunter and Steidemann gave sections of Field, and the whole constituted a very pleasant evening.

"Othello" was delivered by Rev. Cloud on December 12th, to a rather small audience. The heavy rain was responsible for this, but the reading did not suffer; it was given with the lecturer's usual swing and vigor.

While the Gallaudet Union, one of whose objects is well-placed charity, will not be able to distribute tons of hard coal, its smaller gifts during the holidays, to those in need, will cheer and brighten some of the worthy applicants.

The celebration on December 10th by the local deaf, was on the whole better than expected. It had been arranged to give a play, followed by a number of small pantomimes, on that date, but at the last moment this had to be given up and a series of monologues hastily improvised were delivered. Mr. Steidemann rendered a monologue on "The Farmer's Boy," followed by Mr. Rodenberger in a pantomime, "Unsuccessful Courtship," which necessitated some lively action on his part. "Pleasure Exertions" was then given by Miss Herdman, while Chas. Jones brought up in the rear with "The Preacher and the Wasp Sting." The rest of the evening was spent in games. It had been planned to have dancing follow the literary program, but this also had to be given up.

A birthday party was given to Miss Roper at the home of Rev. Cloud on December 20th. When the invited guests were about to leave their various homes, a very hard shower came up. Finally, when all had arrived it was found that Miss Roper was not present. The birthday party then proceeded without the guest of honor being present. Euchre was played and prizes given. Miss Herdman won the first for ladies, and was given a soap receptacle. Miss Schwier received the booby, a small brush. Mr. Schaub was presented with a match safe as first for gentlemen, while Mr. Hunter was awarded a pocket comb as a consolation. And Mr. Hunter had long ago taught Mr. Shaub how to play euchre!

The rain interfered with the complimentary ball given by the St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club on December 6th, but a fair attendance resulted. Twenty dances were carried out. The committee in charge of the affair consisted of A. Marschuetz, N. Merrel, H. Wootten and J. Bretsched.

The seven-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Froning is recovering from a severe illness.

Daniel Walsh can be seen any day working at felling or transplanting trees on the World's Fair grounds. He is the lone member of the deaf there. Will no one volunteer to stand by his side and increase the number to two?

Mr. Wm. Schaub will lecture in the Deaf-Mute Club rooms on the 9th of February. Come early and avoid the rush. He has not yet decided upon his subject.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club will hold a progressive euchre party in their club rooms on December 31st. Admission to non-members will be 40 cents a couple.

"Les Miserables" will be delivered on January 23d, in the Mission House, by Mr. Steidemann.

On January 31st, Miss Herdman will give "David Harum."

Mr. Steidemann has been appointed a lay reader to assist Rev. Cloud. He will probably begin after New Years.

The engagement of Mr. Clyde Jones, of East St. Louis, to Miss Forbes, of Omaha, has been announced.

Rev. Cloud, with Misses Herdman and Roper, were missing from the city during the holidays. Miss Herdman received Santa at her home in Taylorsville, Ill., while Rev. Cloud and Miss Roper visited their friends in other towns.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 1, 1903.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

ONCE more the circling seasons bring us to a new year, and the Deaf-Mutes' JOURNAL launches forth on its thirty-second annual voyage.

The year just closed has been an active one among the deaf. There seems to have been a wider comprehension of the fact that they should play an important part in movements and matters that concern their welfare. Conventions have been held in different States and all have been characterized with a dignity and purpose that will result in great good. Their deliberations, and their attitude towards the manner and method of educational work at the different Institutions, have left an impress upon the public mind that is sure to redound to the benefit of the deaf. The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL has kept in touch with every important movement calculated to be helpful or otherwise to the class of people whom it represents. It has given accounts of the proceedings at the various gatherings for mutual improvement and future progress. All the news concerning the deaf that has been worth printing, found a place in the columns of this paper. During the present year the same progressive policy will be adhered to. Our effort in the future, as in the past, will be to build up and encourage all that is good, and to unqualifiedly condemn that which is base. Ill considered aggressiveness, while it may amuse and interest the unthinking, cannot but prove detrimental to the best interests of the deaf, some of whom seem to think that a paper to be independent must follow the motto at Donnybrook Fair—"Wherever you see a head, hit it."

The columns of this paper are always open to discussion and comment on worthy topics, excepting always religion and politics. The religious notices to the deaf of all creeds are cheerfully printed free of charge, and Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile, will receive the same impartial attention.

With kindest greetings to all, we extend to the deaf, and to those who labor for and with them, the wish that they may all have "A happy and prosperous New Year."

THE holiday number of the *New Era* is a very pretty specimen of printing done by the boys of the Illinois Institution. The cover is printed in two colors, with a design that is quite tasteful and entirely devoid of that exasperating overplus of elaboration, which so often defeats the object of symmetry and good taste.

Mr. Henry Mercier, of Epernay, France, who toured the United States last summer, is now on a four-months' tour of the Far East. A recent letter locates him on the Island of Ceylon, a British possession in the Indian Ocean south east of Hindostan.

A friend writes that he knows a better definition of "Home" than any of those recently printed in the JOURNAL—"Where my wife is."

NEW YORK.

Christmas Cheer for All.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.

A Tale of Two Cities.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Mrs. Pfeiffer and her aids, the Misses Mabel and Violet Pearce, Mrs. William Fitzgerald, Misses Martha Jaycox and Lizzie Weeks, scored quite a triumph last Saturday night. The Christmas Festival in St. Ann's Church Guild Rooms was attended by a large throng of deaf-mutes and their friends. The room was filled about to overflowing. At eight thirty, Mr. E. A. Hodgson, by request of the management, perched upon one corner of the stage and announced the program of the evening. Miss Block had charge of a large cotton-covered sphere, which was suspended from the ceiling. A small hole in the south-east of the western hemisphere indicated the point at which two rubber balls were to be fired at a charge of five cents to the firee. She accumulated a handful of nickels by nine o'clock, at which hour the curtain was raised and the stage performance began with a soliloquy by Santa Claus, personated by Mr. W. G Jones. He was the best costumed Santa Claus that the Guild Room has witnessed up to date. After he had shouldered his pack and departed, a monstrous polar bear emerged from an ice cave, and gave the little ones present a temporary fright. The bear was animated by William Scott Abrams, who, snugly fitted inside the furry exterior, growled and snapped the bear's jaws in a blood-curdling manner. The next scene showed Santa Claus and the bear in friendly communion. Last scene of all Santa stood in the centre of the stage, with his assortment of presents, the bear being stretched at his side, while in the background four angels in snow-white raiment and appropriate wings, blew a fanfare on tin trumpets, which we believe was to announce the birth of the Saviour of mankind. The angels were personated by four of New York's most beautiful deaf-mute young ladies—Misses Mabel and Violet Pearce, Miss Martha Jaycox, and Miss Lizzie Weeks. They danced a saraband, blew another fanfare, and then Santa Claus handed out presents to all, the children present coming in for a double portion. After the presents had been given, the angels descended to earth, and became for the nonce dispensers of lemonade and cake. General conversation made another hour pass rapidly, and then followed a dispersal for Home, sweet home! The stage scenery was specially painted for the occasion, and was altogether a splendid piece of work. Besides the ladies on the committee, Mr. William Fitzgerald and Mr. C. C. McMann were very useful. Mr. Edward C Elsworth was the faithful treasurer and ticker-taker, while at his elbow Mr. Kohlmetz labored long and well in caring for the hats and wraps.

The Thirtieth Anniversary Service of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes was held in St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, on Sunday evening, December 21st.

The attendance was encouraging, in view of the very unpropitious weather The deaf-mutes of the city did not evince as much enthusiasm as they might have shown. A little rain does not so dampen their ardor when some secular amusement attracts them. A work which has done so much for them ought to excite rather more cordial interest. The service, however, in spite of all, was quite inspiring.

The genial presence of the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, which has hitherto been so prominent and interesting a feature of such occasions was wanting, and the lack caused a tinge of sadness, yet the thought of him was an incentive to face the future bravely.

An admirable sermon was preached by the Rev Dr. John T. Patey. Among other things he directed attention to the practical character of our blessed Lord's sympathy for human ills, as especially worthy of imitation. It was, he said, no mere sentiment, content with words of pity, but an active emotion exhibiting itself in efficient efforts for relief.

The new General Manager gave a short statement of the purpose and work of the Mission and a summary of its financial condition.

The Rev. Spencer S. Roche, Rector of St. Mark's Church, pledged his parish to furnish a room in the new Home. This is an example of practical sympathy worthy the imitation of various societies of deaf-mutes.

The Deaf-Mute's Bible Class of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, held their Christmas exercises Monday evening, the 29th. It was a most joyous gathering, and among the visitors present was Miss Mabel Walton, of Philadelphia. The exercises began with "Prophecies Concerning Christ's Coming," by Mr. Chas. T. Hummer; "The Birth of the Saviour," by Mrs. Rose, and "The Magi," by Mr. Harry C. Dickerson. The Christmas hymn was given in concerted signs, led by Mr. Herman Heerdt, and Mr. A. McL. Baxter followed with an account of "Christmas and St. Nicholas in all Lands." Miss Essie Spanton gave "The Story of a Star," and Miss Mary Pfeffer rendered most impressively "Gloria in Excelsis." After this interesting program, Dr. Johnston distributed presents to those in the class who showed the best record for attendance and scholarship. For best attendance, Miss Emma Dressing and Mr. H. C. Dickerson, who have never once missed the class meetings since the opening on September 14th. For best average record in class study, Mr. C. T. Hummer, 1st; Mr. C. Barnes, 2d. A handsome revised version Bible, printed on India paper and elegantly bound, with her name in gold on the cover, was presented to Miss Mary Pfeffer as a token of appreciation for the beautiful hymns she has faithfully rendered each week. The happy occasion was brought to a close with the popular carol, "The Night Before Christmas," by Mr. W. H. Rose, and the distribution of sweets tied up in little stockings.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes was most tastefully decorated for the Christmas morning service, at which Rev. Dr. Chamberlain officiated, assisted by Lay-Reader C. Q. Mann. The designs and decorations were made by the Misses Mabel and Violet Pearce, Mrs Wm Fitzgerald, and Miss Martha Jaycox, with the assistance of Mr. William Scott Bartlett Abrams. The chancel was spanned by a wreath of evergreens hung with festoons of holly, in which was a crimson Christmas bell, the whole supported by evergreen pillars. Above the altar, in the center of a holly wreath, shone forth the Star of Bethlehem, and on either side of the altar and at the east and west extremes of the chancel were Christmas trees. Additional wreaths, stars and festoons were arranged with artistic taste, the whole giving a most cheerful and beautiful effect.

The Annual Election of Officers of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League came off on the evening of the 25th of December. The contest for president was close and spirited, the first ballot being a tie vote, but the second electing Mr. Frankenheim by a majority of two. Following is the list of officers for the ensuing year: Samuel Frankenheim President; M. Levy, 1st Vice-President; Theo. S. Rose, 2d Vice-President; Francis W. Nuboer, Secretary; Moses Loew (re-elected), Treasurer. Delegates to the Executive Committee — Emanuel Souweine, Arthur C. Bachrach.

The social in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church, next Tuesday evening, January 6th, promises to be both enjoyable and beneficial. The admission is free, and the refreshments served will cost nothing. But in order to aid the sick and needy there will be games for prizes, a small fee to be charged all who desire to become contestants. The proceeds will all be donated to the sick fund of the Guild. Every deaf mute is cordially invited. Be on hand at eight o'clock, if possible, so that a full evening of enjoyment may be had by all.

The following death notice appeared in the New York dailies on Tuesday:—

BUDD.—At the residence of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Thomas Gallaudet, on Monday, December 29th, Mary E. Pennell, widow of Dr. Charles A. Budd. Funeral services at St. Matthew's Church, West 84th Street, near Central Park West, on Wednesday, December 31st, at half past three P. M. Interment at Pennellville, N. Y.

The "Silent Five" basket ball team is having quite a rocky tour in the west. The Pittsburg team gave them a great drubbing; the Chicago team cancelled their game; and now in Wisconsin a game has been accorded them after a good deal of palaver.

Louis Garretson, a deaf-mute employee in the Trenton, N. J., Depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was in the city last week with his little boy. He has worked around among moving trains for a number of years, and never met with an accident.

Francis W. Nuboer was sandbagged and robbed of a ten-dollar bill, at 59th Street and Park Avenue, two weeks ago. His cranium is still tender, though the pain of parting with his legal tender has subsided.

A brother of Miss Annie Berliner was married in this city last Tuesday week. He and his bride will live in Portland, Me., and Miss Berliner anticipates a pleasant visit with them during the coming Spring.

Mr. William E. Hoy, now residing in Cincinnati, is rejoicing over the arrival of a fine, healthy, boy baby, who came on Sunday, December 28th. He will be named Carson Hoy. In honor of the event Mr. Hoy sent to Grand Ruler Hodgson of the League of Elect Surds a box of fine Havana cigars, which Mr. Hodgson circulated among the of the League, of which Mr. Hoy is an honorary member.

A house belonging to Mrs. Pat Campbell, in Hoboken, N. J., caught fire last week. Only a slight damage resulted, and the loss was adjusted by an insurance company.

Miss Walton, of Philadelphia, is spending the holidays in this city. She is a guest of Mrs. Wm. H. Rose, and before going home will enjoy a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Simonson.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward McKeraban, of Middletown, Ct., are visiting the latter's sister on Washington Heights. Both were pupils of Fanwood during the eighties.

Miss Susie McKinney, of Philadelphia, is in New York enjoying the festivities of the Yuletide season. She is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Heyman.

Herman Heerdt was one of many present at a birthday party given to Mr. Charles Weber, a brother of Miss Lizzie and Kate Weber, on the 21st ultimo.

The friends of Murray Campell, of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., are grieved to learn of the death of his mother, which occurred on December 26th.

James Avens is said to be quite sick at his home in this city. A friend reports that the ailment is La Grippe.

Saxton Gilmore, a pupil of the Northampton School, who hails from California, is spending the holidays in this city.

Three children of Mr. and Mrs. Meinken are said to be sick with measles.

OBITUARY.

CAMPBELL.—At Mount Vernon, N. Y., December 26, 1902, EMMA A., wife of Dr. A. M. Campbell and daughter of the late John and Sarah A. Cuthell. Funeral service will be held at her late residence No. 36 South 1st. av., Mount Vernon, on Sunday, at two o'clock P.M.

The above notice appeared in the New York daily papers on Sunday last. It was but a brief announcement of a departed friend of the deaf, the mother of one among us, and one nated for her many benevolences in the city of Mount Vernon.

Mrs Campell was the mother of Mr. Murray Campbell, class of '02, Gallaudet. Many of the students now at college and those who graduated at the time, will recall the the kindly and benevolent faces of Dr. and Mrs. Campbell at the Presentation Day exercises last May, in Washington.

Mrs. Campbell was taken sick the fore part of December with a cold, and though every precaution was taken it developed into pneumonia. How quickly the dread disease worked and carried her away before those nearest and dearest to her fully relized that she was gone from them forever She was a woman beloved by all who knew her. She had a smile for everyone, and a cheerful word was always at her tongue's end. A disciple and follower of Christ, she lent a Christian influence that has been felt throughout the city of Mount Vernon.

The funeral which was very largely attended, was held at her late residence on Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, and later to Trinity Church, that city, where the last sad rites were said. The remains to and interred in the family plot in Woodlawn Cemetery.

We extend to Mr. Murray Campbell and the other members of the family our most heartfelt sympathy in this hour of sadness. It is is hard to believe that "He doeth all thing for the best," when such loved and good friends are taken from us forever. May God console them in their affliction and give them strength to bear up under the great loss they have sustained.

R. E. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS, JANUARY 4TH.

St. Ann's Church, New York, 3 P.M. Holy Communion.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M.
Trinity Church, Newark, N. J.,

Social in St. Ann's Guild room, Tuesday evening, January 6th.

Get Insured.

FRANK B. THOMPSON

Fire Insurance (Broker),

45 WILLIAM STREET,

New York City.

Fire Insurance policies procured in all the leading Companies in New York City.

Fortunes in Samples.

Few people realize the extent of the sample department of the modern retail dry-goods house. Fewer still realize that when a bolt of dress goods comes into the house and is unpacked, the first thing done with it is to snip off a full yard for samples. As much of this goods is fifty-four inches wide, the average of one yard to the bolt is low, as is the price, fixed at seventy-five cents. A writer in the Chicago *Tribune* makes the following estimates as to the cost of samples given away in that city:

Ten big retail dry-goods houses in down town Chicago send out every year two hundred and twenty thousand yards of woolen dress goods, representing a retail price of seventy-five cents a yard, and only that an individual customer may satisfy herself as to what is being worn, or, in one case out of five, that she order a dress pattern from one of these samples.

Eighty thousand yards of silk are cut into minute triangles, squares and parallelograms, meaning a retail loss of eighty thousand dollars a year to these ten stores. And on top of this, nearly every line of goods in a house suffers from the shears of the sample cutting department, aggregating in these ten stores more than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year.

In one of the largest retail stores in Chicago the time for the sample craze sets in about the middle of February for summer goods, and about the first of September for winter goods. At such times six hundred letters a day is a fair average. In this house the silks, laces and fines goods are generally cut at the several retail counters, and cut only on order. For this purpose sample blanks are sent down to the salesman, and if other samples are asked from the sample room, they are "assembled" from pigeonhole boxes and mailed as soon as the list is complete.

"No one not in the business knows just how hard it is to meet some of these requests," said a manager of one of the large departments for sample cutting. "It would take an expert mindreader, working in conjunction with the owner of the mind to find it out with any certainty. There is nothing carried in stock in this house that we are not asked to cut samples from. Calls for carpet samples are frequent, and many times a large piece has to be cut from the roll in order to give any idea of the pattern.

"Looking at the seeming waste of the cloth, it seems to be almost too heavy to be considered, but every year the territory of the mail order business is enlarging, until it has become one of the great factors in the trade of every big retail house. Considered as an established apartment that must be kept up, the sample-cutting rooms are important as advertising centers. Sending a bunch of new-goods patterns to the ordinary country town, we might estimate that at least half a dozen families will see it; and even if our retail trade through moil orders is not stimulated, we may suppose that many a country merchant is reminded of our jobbing department by these students of samples.

Miss Helen Keller, the wonderful blind and deaf girl, will publish, Feb. 9, through Doubleday, Page & Co., her autobiography, under the title of "The Story of My Life." She writes simply and pathetically about the dreadful catastrophe which overtook her at the age of nineteen months; of the arrival of her devoted teacher and friend, Miss Sullivan, when she was six years of age; how she learned her first word; her method of making object sentences, and so on through the whole record. But it was not easy to persuade Miss Keller to write about herself, because she always shrunk from the publicity which follows literary work. She had set her heart on possessing an island in the Harbor of Halifax for a summer home, and then the editor of a periodical offered to buy it for her or to provide the money. When the work of writing appeared especially irksome she was reminded of her desire, and it spurred her on. Some days before Christmas she completed the first chapter of her story, and on Christmas morning Miss Keller received a large check from the publishers. She was delighted, for this was the first time she had ever received so large an amount for any work she had ever done. She said that it was "a fairy tale come true." It remains to be seen whether she will carry out her plan to buy the island or not.—*N. Y. Times.*

A MILD epidemic of scarlet fever has broken out at the Winnipeg, Manitoba, School for the Deaf. Three cases were reported on Dec. 15th, and the authorities of the school had the sick pupils sent to an isolated hospital and were doing all in their power to prevent a spreading of the disease. We can sympathize with Supt. McDermid and aud his school as we had a similar experience here last year, and only those who have gone through such trouble can know the care and anxiety which prevails at such trying times.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Messrs. Chas. Critchley, Samuel De Young and Pat. Donahue went to Point Pleasant Saturday. Chas shot three ducks in the morning and Pat one in the afternoon. They came home proud of their good aim.

Mr. Thomas O'Leary, a former pupil of the New York School, is working in Rochester at the *Democrat and Chronicle* office, on the night force. He says he likes the city very much.

Saturday evening next the meeting of the Black Gill Sporting Club will be held. The installation of officers for the ensuing year will take place.

Happy New Year! That the coming year may be a prosperous and profitable one for the club and its members is the sincere wish of the writer. If the year be prosperous and profitable, much happiness should result therefrom. At the meetings the members have shown enthusiasm, which ought to continue. There were a large number present most of the time, and business has been carried on in a satisfactory manner. During the coming year a great many questions of importance are to be taken up, so prevail upon the boys to attend the meetings more regularly.

President Brown and the officers certainly should, and no doubt will make a splendid team. They are men of conservatism, good judgment, and capable of hard and effective work.

The writer firmly believes that the members of the club will have no cause to regret that the executive reins of the club have been placed in their hands for the ensuing year. The record made during the past year by President Brown and Vice-President Critchley will be difficult to surpass, but we feel justified in the statement that the incoming officers will do all in their power to meet every emergency promptly, decisively, and in a manner which will reflect credit upon themselves and the intelligent and influential organization they are chosen to represent. Let the members, collectively and individually, resolve that during the coming year they will do what they reasonably can do to assist the new administration in its work. If this is done, 1903 wil be one of the most, if not the most, successful and prosperous years in the history of the Black Gill Club.

The names of the officers for the ensuing year are: President, Geo. Brown (re-elected); Vice-President, Leo. Knittel; Recording Secretary, Anthony Bartel; Financial Secretary, Chas. Gibbs; Treasurer, Fred House; and Sergeant-at-arms, Samuel De Young.

Mr. Fred House went to his home in Bath for Christmas, and came back Friday. Had a swell time.

TIP.

Dec. 28, 1902.

Practical Advice

It is as easy to be a rich man as a poor one. Half the energy displayed in keeping ahead which is required to catch up when behind would save credit, give more time to business, and add to the profit and reputation of those who work for gain.

Honor your engagement. If you promise to meet a man or to do a certain thing at a certain moment, be ready at the appointed time. If you go on business, attend promptly to matters on hand, then as promptly go about your own business.

Do not meddle with business you know nothing of. Never buy an article you do not need simply because it is cheap and the man who sells it will take it out in trade. Trade is money.

Strive to avoid harsh words and personalities. Do not kick every stone in the path; more miles can be made in a day by going steadily on than by stopping to kick. Pay as you go. A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.

Aid, but never beg. Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford to simply because it is fashionable. Learn to say "No." No necessity for snapping it out dog fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.

Have but few confidants, and the fewer the better. Use your own brains rather than those of others. Learn to act, and think and act for yourself. Be vigilant. Keep ahead rather than behind the time. Young man, cut this out, and if there be folly in the arguments, let us know.

Rev. Mr. Van Allen's Appointments.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28TH.

10:30 A.M.—Trinity Church, Utica.
3:00 P.M.—Zion Church, Rome.
7:30 P.M.—St. Paul's, Syracuse.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 4TH.

10:30 A.M.—St. Paul's, Troy. Holy Communion.
3:00 P.M.—St. Paul's, Albany.
7:30 P.M.—St. Ann's, Amsterdam.

Owing to the present scarcity of coal, many parishes have reduced services to a minimum, and it is impossible to announce services for the deaf any length of time in advance. Services for the deaf will be held as opportunity offers and notice will be given by postal cards.

Western Pennsylvania.

Prof. G. M. Teegarden, of the Edgewood Deaf School, will give a reading in the Second Presbyterian Church, corner Pennsylvania Avenue and Seventh Street, Pittsburg, on Saturday evening, January 17th. An entertaining and profitable time is assured all who listen. The proceeds go to the Pennsylvania Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf.

Messrs. J. W. Atcheson and B. Frank Widaman, by invitation, were royally entertained at a Christmas dinner at the beautiful architectural residence of the great coal business man, Mr. William P. De Armit, on Murray Hill Avenue, East End, Pittsburg.

Miss Gorman, of Williamsport, a former student of Gallaudet College, has procured a position in a dressmaking store, East End, Pittsburg. She is an intelligent young lady, and is the latest acquisition to the Pittsburg silent society.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., every Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

Bible Class, at eight o'clock, taught by Mrs. Wm. H. Rose.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Friday, from 8 to 10 P.M.

Exhibition of moving pictures, in the church auditorium, Thursday, January 15th, at 8 P.M.

According to the newspapers, Dr. Alexander Graham Bell has solved the problem of aerial navigation.

ENGAGED.

Mrs. J. C. Fitzpatrick announces the engagement of her daughter, Marie, to Mr. Charles Cornell McMann.

Where will the Money go.

There will be a grand entertainment given in Boston, Mass., on Thursday Eve, Jan. 1st, 1903, for the benefit of the Five Associates and about $100 worth of prizes will be awarded. The "Observer," however, wants to know what the "Five Associates" represent, and where the money would go.

OBSERVER.

Dec. 29, 1902.

Not Guilty.

The following story makes one think of the old proverb about a "guilty conscience" and "no accuser:"

"Now, boys," said the patient Sunday-school teacher, "surely some one of you can tell me who carried off the gates of Gaza. Speak up, William."

"I never touched 'em!" said the indignant William, with a suspicion of tears in his youthful voice. "I don't see why folks always think when things get carried off that I've had something to do with it!"

Proctor's Attractions

WEEK OF JAN. 5, 1903.

Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre next week will be the scene of an elaborate revival of the only authorized version of the spectacular drama "Around the World in Eight Days," played by Minnie Seligman and William Bramwell, who will appear in conjunction with a large and strong cast. The vaudeville section will be exceptionally good.

A splendid show will entertain the patrons of Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre. The strong bill will have for its headliners Al Leech and the Three Rosebuds, in Joseph Hart's farce, "Examination day at School," and Provost & Provost, in "Fun in a Turkish Bath." Billy Clifford, "The Broadway Chappie," etc.

The patrons of Proctor's Fifty-eighth Street will witness a spectacular production of Scott Marble's Heart of of the Klondike, a strong and sensational melodrama, depicting man's greed for wealth in the gold fields of Alaska. The strong company will be headed by the popular favorite Ned Howard Fowler. Edna Archer Crawford will be leading lady in a splendid cast.

Up in Harlem, at Proctor's One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street House an extraordinary revival will be given of Franklin Fyles great war drama "Cumberland '61". Special scenic effects have been constructed for this play and the famous burning bridge scene will be given with close attention to detail. James E. Wilson, who for some time this season was the leading man of the Fifth Avenue Stock, will appear in the leading role as a member of the Permanent Stock. Adelaide Keim will assume the leading female role.

OHIO.

A Merry Time on Christmas Day.

KILLED ON THE RAILROAD.

Burned Her Hands Saving Her Child.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

It was glorious Christmas weather—cold, crisp and white. It commenced snowing on the morning of the day before and kept up the rest of the day, with an interval of a slight rain in the afternoon, but towards evening a northwester set in, accompanied by the beautiful. And when humanity awoke in the morning it gazed upon a typical Christmas. And so the fears of a green holiday, of which there were strong indications early in the week, gave way to joy.

The night before Christmas Santa Claus paid his annual visit to the children who had gathered especially in the chapel to greet him. Before the curtain went up there songs and recitations by some of the larger and smaller pupils, all about Santa and his expected visit. When the curtain rose a beautifully trimmed Christmas tree was revealed, with one or two little fellows looking about it for their old friend. He made his appearance soon and read his letter from Superintendent Jones inviting him to come, because the children had all been good through the year. Baskets of oranges and candy were pulled out from the sides of the stage and distributed to the children, and none got left.

Christmas morn the grounds of the Institution were minus their usual crowds. The reason was plain. Boxes and Christmas gifts from home were stronger attractions for them inside the house And around them joy and good cheer prevailed only to be interrupted for a while at 9:15 for the chapel services Principal Patterson conducted them. Songs by the pupils, appropriate for the occasion, were recited, and the theme of the speaker touched on the birth of the Christ God. A bounteous dinner was served at 12:30. Each plate had beside it a chrysanthemum flower or two, and as there are 525 pupils, the supply had to be large. The afternoon was given up to a social in the two recreation rooms, and the festivities of the day closed with the following program, prepared by the committee, Misses Lamson and Berry.

. . DAIRY MAIDS' DRILL. . .

Christmas Entertainment, 1902.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Dairy Maids.....Grace Albert, Albertha Hannaford, Winnie Jones, Effie Neiffer, Susie Boettnee, Lillian Raub, Georgie Sawhill, Anna Stocker, Iva Lohr, Effie Lang, Jada Olender, Emma Newman, Gertrude Neldon, Bessie McFadden, Lillie McFadden. Emma Boyd.
Three Little Maids.....Fanny Rumsey, Mary Miller, Blanche Coppock
Three Little Brownies.....Charles Cooper, Clarence Curtis, Louis Hess.
Bo-Peep.....Maud McClintock
Little Cow Boy.....Edwin Hazel
Little Dairy Maid.....Esther Criswell
Little Boy Blue.....Nancy McMichael
Little Miss Muffet.....Veda Meyers
Jersey Lily.....
Cow Boys.....Roy Conkling, Guy Camp, Omer Cox, Geo. Kimmich, Chas. Hess, Antonio Ciresi, Jessie I man, Homer Craig, Warner Clark, Ernest Thomas Cleaver Howell, August Faulhaber, Abraham Goldberg, Walter Lynn, Herbert Schutte, Delbert Knapp.

SYNOPSIS.

SCENE I.—Miss Lamson recites Dairy Maids' story. Three little maids appear followed by the mischievous brownies
Maids tell thier story. Cowboys' burlesque drill.

SCENE II.—Introducing three little sleepy heads, Boy Blue, Bo-Peep and Little Miss Muffet. Betty appears searching for her cow. Discovers sleepers and decides not to disturb them. Tells her troubles. Little Cowboy Joe and little Dairy Maid Daisy meet. Lovers' quarrel. Joe consoles himself with Miss Muffet. Daisy finds a new lover in Boy Blue. Three Little Maids appear searching for Bo-Peep. They find and and tell her story. Awaken her. Go with her to find sheep. Tableau.

SCENE III.—Dairy Maids churning.

"Churn, churn, now it's up, now it's down,
Golden butter for all the town;
Churn, churn, churn, churn,
Cheerily all the day."

Maids sign market song, "Carry butter to market." Katie tells interesting love story. Susie notices Bo-Peep approaching. Greets her and tells her sad story.
Daisy refreshes Bo-Peep with a tin of buttermilk. Jeannie finishes Dairy Maids' story. A hail with delight the appearance of the Jersey Lily. Tableau.

The dairy maids did look most charming in their white caps, white waists and aprons, pink skirts and green sashes. Each carried a tin pail and a small stool in their drill. This latter they went through with great skill, as also the churning part. The cow boys, in their performances, did creditably in their marching, and as to their dress, it did not belie them as cowboys. The tableaux was splendid. Thus closed Christmas, '02, and the next day school went on as if Christmas was unknown. However, many of the pupils gave indications that something had been going on. Most of the children were remembered with boxes or packages from home, and judging from the piles of mailable matter on the letter box in the hall, a great many parents and friends were remembered with tokens of love from the children here.

Among the out-of-town visitors seen here were the Messrs. Frank Brown and John St. John, of Chardon, Roy Harris, of Painesville, Henry Mundary, of Springfield, W. E. Sickles, of Logan County, Jacob H. Snider, of Ripley, John Boelner, of Steubenville, Mrs. Hess, from Lima, and Miss Humphrey.

Mrs. Rion Hoel, of Lebanon, is visiting her mother on Oak Street here during the holidays.

Miss Mary C. Bierce, of Cleveland, a former teacher at the Institution for eighteen years, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Greener. Time has dealt gently with her, and she still looks hale and hearty.

Mrs. Joseph Leib, with her little son, left Wednesday for the home of her parents, near Kenton, o spend the holidays.

Chicago's deaf-mute population will be increased to morrow (Sunday) by another "Buckeye," Mr Clarence Hayman. He graduated from here last June and during vacation assisted the electrician of the school, in fact, worked under him during his last school year. Mr. Hayman leaves to night to accept a position in the Automatic Electric Co's Works, and we trust will give entire satisfaction to his employers.

Mr. Abraham De Vlieger, of the Holland and Flint Schools for the Deaf, called at the Institution Friday afternoon. His home is in Grand Rapids, Mich., and he is an upholsterer.

Mrs. Edward Conger, of North Fairfield, was in Columbus for a few hours, on her way to Lebanon to spend the holidays with her mother.

Rev. A. W. Mann held services at Trinity Chapel Sunday last, and in the afternoon conducted chapel exercises at the Institution.

Mr. W. J. Hayes, educated at the Western Pennsylvania and Mt. Airy Schools, but whose home is in Montpelier, Ind., now, stopped over here Tuesday and called at the Institution. He was on his way to Pittsburg to visit friends. Taylorstown may also be included in his list.

Mr. W. M. Bartow, of Delaware, has come down to sling type in the *Chronicle* office for a month or so. His work is on the annual report of the Institution.

Miss Munnell, with the assistance of Mr. Beckert, fixed up a Christmas tree in the Boys' B study on Christmas day, and it proved a great delight for the little boys in the evening.

Miss Nora Patterson left Wednesday for her home in Barnesville, to remain a week. Mr. and Mrs Elsey also left for Kenton to partake of a Christmas dinner with the latter's parents.

The parents of Miss Prouty, who who works in the State bindery, have moved up to Worthington, some ten miles from the city. Consequently, for convenience, Miss Prouty has secured board with Miss McRedmond in the city, and goes home the end of each week.

Late steward's clerk, Mr. Kirk Kennedy, who was chosen steward of the Athens Insane Hospital, has resigned the position, to take effect February 15th. He will engage in other business.

Sad indeed was Christmas for the Cydrus family, for on that day the remains of the head of the house, Mr. Meredith Cydrus were laid away in Pike County. Death came to him on the railroad track, and in a most horrible manner. Tuesday morning, about 8 o'clock, he was walking on the tracks of the Norfolk & Western R. R., near Mt. Vernon Avenue, when an engine came along and ran over him. Immediately behind this was a freight train of eighteen cars, and it was impossible for either to stop at once, hence the whole train passed over his body, cutting it into a dozen pieces. The accident occurred near his home, 1467 Atcherson Street, and when a crowd gathered to view the remains, Mrs. Cydrus was attracted thither and she was shocked to find that they were her husband's remains. It is said Mr. Cydrus was hard of hearing, and was walking with his back to the oncoming train. The engineer gave due warning but without any effect, and it was impossible to stop his engine. Mr. Cydrus was about 60 years old, was a soldier in the war of 1861-'65, and drew a small pension. His family is quite large, three of the children being deaf. They are Mrs. Laura Mitchell, Mrs. Daniel, both residing in this city, and Lulu B. Cydrus, now a pupil of the Institution. The family has the sincere sympathy of all in this sad fate.

The youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. King had a narrow escape from being burned to death yesterday afternoon. Its escape was due to timely discovery and prompt action. However, it is laid up with its hands badly burnt, and also one side of its face and neck. The mother has badly burnt hands. The child got hold of some matches and began lighting the wax candles on a Christmas tree. In some way its clothes caught fire. Its screams attracted the mother in another room who rushed to the enflamed child and extinguished the flames with her bare hands, with the result above noted. The doctor is of the opinion that the burns of the child will not prove fatal. Those of Mrs. King are painful and will inconvenience her for some time.

There was a card party at the residence of Mrs. Ella Zell last evening. She had as her guests of the evening, Mrs. Ohlemacher and two daughters, of Norwalk, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ohlemacher, Miss Nutt, Miss Bessie McGregor, Miss May Greener, and Mr. Wm. Zorn. Dainty refreshments were served during the evening.

The *Toledo Blade* Printing Co. gave each of its employes a brand new silver dollar. Four mutes were among the recipients, two of them being Messrs. Schneider and Steinwand.

Happy New Year to all the JOURNAL readers. Begin the year right by subscribing for the JOURNAL, and thus be kept informed of what is going on among your brethren.

Dec. 27, '02. A. B. G.

Mutes Disturb Mutes by "Loud Sounds."

ST. JOSEPH, MO., Dec 24.—Anthony Lyons and Cornelius Clause, deaf-mutes, who came from Chicago a short time ago to accept positions with Swift & Co, were arrested last night on a charge of disturbing the peace of Miss Ida Schleicher, another deaf-mute who runs a boarding house. The young men are accused of "loud and unusual noises."

The final determination of the case will be awaited with interest, as the question at issue have probably never been passed upon by a court of last resort.

It is said that when a deaf mute uses "cuss words" they are most effective and terrifying in the extreme to those who understand, and the question to be submitted to a jury with ears will be to what extent may a deaf woman be disturbed by "loud and unusual sounds" made on one's fingers and the incident raps of a six legged table on a long flight of stairs.—*N. Y. Evening Telegram.*

New Attractions at the Eden Musee.

The Eden Musee always has a list of good attractions but during the month of January they will excel. De Kolta has been re-engaged and each evening will present an exhibition of mysteries that is startling to say the least, and which marks him as the greatest magician of the day. During the three months he has been at the Musee, the large Winter Garden has been crowded at each exhibition. Thousands of visitors have watched his marvellous feasts solely to try and determine how they were accomplished, but so far not a single explanation has been given that in any way explains them, and even clever magicians who have been present shrug their shoulders and say it is astonishing. De Kolta is only one of the special attractions There are many others. Each hour during the day and evening an exhibition of moving pictures is given. A different set of pictures is shown each hour so that visitors can see as many pictures as they desire. The pictures comprise historical, comic and theatrical scenes, and incidents in well known places. One set of pictures takes the visitors in a hurried trip around the world. The mysterious pictures probably attract more attention than any others. They are shown in colors and are most amazing performances of magic and the supernatural. In addition to the pictures three are a host of new wax groups and daily afternoon and evening concerts by the new orchestra. The Musee will remain one of the seven great wonders of New York.

A Strange Playfellow.

A Siberian peasant and his wife were once in sad trouble about their two children—both very young. They had rambled away too far from home, and lost their way in the forest. After searching for some time, the parents caught sight of a large brown bear in the distance. When they got nearer, they were horrified to find the lost children close to it. They were running round the animal, shaking hands with it, pulling its tail, and so on. The bear was evidently amused with these new playfellows, and was as good-natured as any dog could have been. The little girl now fed the bear with fruit, while the little boy climbed on its back and shouted for his queer horse to go. The parents cried out in terror, the little boy slipped off the bear's back, and the animal quietly trotted off into the depths of the forest.

CHICAGO.

The News of a Fortnight.

DEAF-BLIND BOY ARRESTED.

Yuletide Happenings.

(*From the Regular Corr spondent.*)

"Let us honor, O our brother, Christmas Day!"

It comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer. Remember Our Saviour's words: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The heart of Christmas is giving, not getting. This year has been a fairly prosperous one, and Christmas was observed by much good feeling and gift bestowing. To make it a day for the mere exchange of gifts carefully proportioned in value to those likely to be received is to degrade it and to take the holy day idea entirely out of the holiday.

Under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society of the city of Chicago, Christmas was celebrated at the Chapel of the M. E. Church, on the night of the 23d. Over three hundred were there, and enjoyed themselves immensely. It was the largest in the history of the society. The program consisted of songs and addresses. The sweet scent of the cedar broughs and evergreens permeated the hall. The wax candles illuminated the scene. Three hundred and six bags of mixed candy, nuts, rasins and one hundred and twenty-six packages of crackerjacks formed two barriers on the platform. Candy—but speak the word, and every childish heart bounds with joy, and could one have seen this great heap of colored bags and packages one would have wondered what source would have consumed the supply. A Christmas tree loaded with presents graced the platform Seven o'clock came, and as the lights along the street twinkled and glimmerad through the misty air troops of merry children under the guidance of their mamas and papas could be seen wending their way upstairs toward this popular child's mecca. As one entered the merry hum of children's voices and the good cheer, they exhibited great delight at the sights they saw, and seemed to be well enjoyed with the evening's entertainment. When the clock struck nine, the curtain parted and revealed a brilliant tree radiant with pretty trinkets, tinsels, lighted candles and presents. Then Mrs. Chairman Colby introduced Little Violet Colby, who opened the programme by reciting "Come Santa, Come Santa," in her own quaint fascinating signs. In conclusion she made a signal so all the children to rush with her to meet his coming. Merry Santa Claus arrived on time and shook hands with all the children, then, he invited them to skip wish him around the tree Some were afraid and ran away to their mamas. How delightful the little ones danced and skipped around and around. He then winked at the audience and shaked his jolly old head He told children and all about his coming all the way from the far North with lots of presents. The good Santa Claus was impersonated by Rev. Mr. Rutherford. "Holy Night, Silent Night," was the next announced. Ruth Colby recited it in signs with charming expression. Followed her came Little Grace Hasenstab signing splendidly "O Sweet Christmas." Mr. Colby closed the programme with "Christmas." He said: If I wish you a Merry Christmas, I must make a very short address to you. ["Right," echoed every body in chorus.] In conclusion he further added that "In the name of Christmas we wish the Ladies' Aid Society success, and let us unite in the great world chorus, *not Sectarian*, of "Peace on earth, good will to men." Then the presents were distributed. Ha! Ha! Big baskets were seen to receive presents in to bring home. The Christmas love in his heart "Our Oscar" Regensburg made little ones glad by giving each a present of a drum box of choice candy. It is his custom to give to children on Christmas.

Thanks are due to several gentlemen for their kind assistance in this deservedly popular philanthopy. A good many of the ladies wore mistletoes, but the "Rose from New York" did not appear. The evening went joyously along.

Rev. Mr. P. J. Hasenstab is merry all winter because he bought a supply of coal early last spring.

Mr. C. C. Codman had a merry Christmas. He had received the pro rata of 5 per cent. of his annual wages from the R. T. Cram Company. The Company distributed $135,000 among its men.

Mrs. M. J. Raffington returned home from a month's sejourn in the East, and distributed some useful presents among the children of the deaf parents.

Mrs. Walter Edwards was surprised Xmas. She received an envelope cantaining a check from her good husband.

Rev. P. J. Hasenstab goes out so much in the rain, so she Church Mission presented him with a rain and sun-proof umbrella.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Baars had a little Christmas tree for their only child at home.

The annual meeting and election of the officers of the Aid Society will be held at the usual place on the first Wednesday of January. All members are asked to be present.

The club campaign is on my dears,
The club campaign is on;
But shed no tears and have no fears
Though the club campaign be on;
For the Golden Rule is the battle cry,
And the candidates speak as they pass by,
And every one does as she would be done by,
Now the club campaign is on.

Mr. John Heinlein, a former resident of Chicago, but now of New Buffalo, Michigan, who has been badly laid up for three weeks and under two doctors' treatment, is slowly recovering.

Mr. Albert Carlson was on the sick list Christmas week.

Mr. Rose, of the Metropolis of America, is in blossom in the great Windy City.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton Sonneborn and Mrs. Henrietta Lefi are in the Empire City for the holidays.

The question, "Who is to be the next president of the Ladies' Aid Society?" is asked now-a-days.

The Chicago *Tribune* December 21, reported the following incident:

Arrests a Human Puzzle.

While he was waiting for a friend Clarence J. Selby, of 2526 Calumet avenue, deaf, dumb, and blind, was found by Patrolman Crozier at Van Buren and State streets and was sent to the Central station because he could make himself understood. Mr Selby, who is a writer of verse and prose, had been left a few minutes before by J. A. Williams, 6221 Marshfield avenue, who had returned to a store where they had been making some Christmas purchases.

Mr. Selby was standing by the side of the building when the policeman passed. He saw that the man was blind.

"Do you want to get across the street?" asked Crozier.

The man remained silent.

"I say do you want to get across the street? Are you lost?" almost shouted the policeman.

Mr. Selby had no suggestions to make.

"See here, what's the matter with you?" demanded Crozier, as he took him by the arm.

UNABLE TO FIND HIS OWN SIGN GLOVE.

As soon as Selby felt the touch of the policeman's hand he began to search his pocket for a glove which is covered with metallic letters, to which he points to spell words to those with whom he wishes to communicate.

"What in the world? This man is certainly not right. Did you ever see the like?" said the policeman, turning to the crowd that had collected. "It is not safe for this man to be on the street alone. I'll send him in." The patrol wagon was summoned and Selby was taken to the Central police station. There his signs were not understood, and he was told to sit down and wait developments. He stood still and the sergeant led him to a chair.

Williams, who had found a mislaid package, returned to the street to find that his friend had disappeared Some of those who had gathered when the patrol wagon was called told him that he had been taken to the station. Williams hurried to the Harrison street station to find that Selby was at the Central station. When he reached the Central station, Selby recognized him as soon as he touched his hand.

NOT AFRAID OF POLICEMEN.

"I was not afraid," he told Williams in sign language. "I knew that it was a policeman, for I felt his star. I thought that you would come."

Selby was the victim of a fever when he was 7 years old, and it left him hereft of sight, speech, and hearing. He was educated in an institution for the blind and dumb in Buffalo. He has written a number of books and several poems descriptive of nature. He uses a typewriter that was made especially for him, which stamps an embossed letter on the paper. He was born in England in 1872.

A big box of presents arrived at the residence of the Wayman family, from far away North Dakota. It was opened on Christmas morning. Some of them were hung on the brilliant Christmas tree of the Ladies' Aid Society for Billy, the well-known "Dr. Cureall" of the Pas-a-Pas Club.

Chicago Division No. 1, a branch of the Fraternal Society of the Deaf, had a business meeting Saturday evening, December 20th, at 106 Randolph Street, Mr. Washington Barrows presiding. The Society is to have a masquerade ball on the 7th of February. The arrangement committee is composed of Messrs. Sibitzky, Piskac, Fritz Vezinsky.

Miss Elizabeth Taylor, who has been studying art here, went home to Michigan for the holidays.

Mr. Robert Craighead had his thumb crushed by a blow from a hammer in the factory where he works.

Mrs. F. E. Ryan and children went to Fort Atkinson, Wis., to spend the holidays with her folks

Mr. A. J. Waterman and sister are in Buchanan, Mich., for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Reinke have gone to Wanatah, Ind., to spend the holidays with the former's parents.

Mr. A. I. Liebenstein is the proud possessor of a very fine selected box of cigars by buying a ten cent raffle ticket.

Mr. A. Jesse Waterman gave a card party and reception to his gentlemen friends at his home recently.

Mr. Walter Edwards is now working in Hammond, Ind.

CHICAGO.

Wanted.

A DEAF-MUTE man desires a place. He can do housework or farm work. Wages expected, $5 a month. Address: Housework, care DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Exams Over, Holidays On

A BRILLIANT RECEPTION

An Amateur Svengali.

(*From our Regular Correspondent.*)

Examinations are over. Those who passed are congratulating themselves on their good fortune and are gazed at with envy by their less fortunate fellow crammers, who however, are not so numerous, especially among the Seniors and Juniors, as on former occasions. Logic, which was a rather tough proposition for last year's Senior class, proved rather easy for the '03 boys and girls, only four having failed to pass. Mechanics, the annual stumbling block of the Juniors, has made only two victims this year. The other classes were not so fortunate. Many valiant Sophomores went down before Trigonometry and Virgil. Geometry raked down Freshies by the herd. Some Ducks and "Drakes" found Algebra and Latin rather too hard, but the greater part flew across beautifully.

Vacation, which is to continue until January 6th, 1903, began on the 24th, after President Gallaudet had announced the examination results, but the exodus homeward by those students living near Washington began the day before, and continued all day long on the 24th, and by Christmas morning the last who intended to spend vacation away from college had left. The wise ones had predicted what a dull time we who remain here over vacation would have, but so far their prophecies have not proven true. Visiting places of interest, theatres, going to socials and receptions, playing cards, cracking jokes, spinning yarns, and making fudge. all these tend to make it pleasant for all who by choice or necessity spend vacation here.

One of the largest and most brilliant afternoon receptions of the season was given by Mrs. Gallaudet on the 26th, in honor of Miss Marion Cockrell, the daughter of Senator Cockrell, and the fiancee of Dr. Edson F. Gallaudet. More than four hundred of the most prominent people in society and official life were present. The entire first floor of the Gallaudet residence was profusely decorated with Christmas greens, palms and blooms Those who assisted Mrs. and Miss Gallaudet in receiving included Mrs. John W. Foster, Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh, of Colorado, who entertained Miss Cockrell in Paris at the time of the World's Fair, when Mr Walsh was U. S. Commissioner to the Exposition, Miss Wilson, daughter of the Secretary of Agriculture, Miss Fanny Fuller, daughter of Chief Justice Fuller, of the United States Supreme Court; Miss Anna Ewing Cockrell, a younger sister of the bride-elect; Miss Eleanore Terry, daughter of Rear Admiral Terry, and Miss Sanger. Some of the most prominent guests were: Admiral O'Neil, Senator Cockrell, Mrs. Senator Foraker, Mrs. Senator Gallinger, Mrs. Senator Hawley, Mrs. Knox, wife of Attorney General Knox, Mrs. Justice Harlan, Miss Harlan, Mrs Admiral Terry, Mrs. Admiral Ludlow, Mrs. Leonard Wood, wife of the former Governor-General of Cuba; M. Wauters, of the Belgian Legation, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Hamlin, Chief Justice Morris, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, and Miss Morris, Mrs. Gen. Breckinridge, Miss Greeley, Hon. and Mrs. Sperry, of Connecticut; Mrs. F. W. Lander and Miss Greely, daughter of General Greely. Gallaudet College was represented by Mr. Arthur L. Roberts, '04, and ye humble reporter, '03.

A social was given by the Co-eds to the young men of the college on the evening of the 26th. Various games were played. Refreshments made by the fair Co-ed hands were served, and a general good time was had by all. Reveille was sounded at 10:30, by order of Mr. Fowler.

Sothern's "Hamlet" and "If I Were King," are the leading theatrical attractions in Washington this week. The father of Miss Allen, '05, who is visiting her, took her, Miss Morse, '05, and Miss Fritz, '06, to see Mr. Sothern in "If I Were King," on the afternoon of the 27th.

Miss Hayden, '02, of Philadelphia, surprised the Co-eds with her presence on the Green, Friday, the 26th. She intends to spend a few days in the city visiting friends.

The Jollity Club had a popcorn and taffy-making and pulling party on Friday afternoon. A capital time was had, we're told. The "ducks" were given some of the corn to bill down, but the greater part of it, and all the taffy and fudge that wasn't spoiled by the too many cooks, was reserved for the young men at the social in the evening.

Miss Grace Okie, '01, of New York, after spending a month with her aunt at Madison, Ind., is back in Washington, where she intends to spend the winter with her mother. She is taking lessons in water coloring at a private art school on Connecticut Avenue. Miss Okie took in the social Friday evening.

Mr. Robert S. Taylor, '01, we have learned, has secured a position as teacher in the Louisiana School for the Deaf. Mr. Taylor has our congratulations and best wishes for his success in his new field of labor.

Mr. Demosthenes Cicero Drake, '04, not satisfied with the numerous professions of which he is the past master, has annexed hypnotism to his stock, and at the social Friday evening proceded to show to the whole company that Svengali was a thirty-cent artist in comparison to his immortal self. So straight away he singled out one of the co-eds to serve as his Trilby. Unfortunately for Cicero, she was made of stuff different from that of the original Trilby, and before becoming a willing subject she imposed a condition on him that at the end of the first act they exchanged roles. To this Svengali gave ready accent and the first act was on. We don't propose to dwell on the wonderful achievements of Cicero, which we have no doubt made Svengali No. 1 turn with envy in his sarcophagus, but let us hasten to the fair La Svengalia. With steady gaze and commanding gestures she ordered Cicero Trilby to pick up a pie pan in front of him without looking at it, and hold straight above his forehead. The bottom was lamp-blacked, but he knew it not. Another command from La Svengalia set him powdering his face with the lamp black. Helpless Cicero kept on daubing, until pity moved La Svengalia to stop. The spell was broken, and when he confronted himself in the mirror, Cicero made a bee line for the washroom, but it was not until after a vigorous scrubbing that all the lamp black disappeared.

No bowling tournament will be given this year, the Athletic Association having decided to do away with it on account of lack of interest shown in the game. It is with genuine sadness that the old timer will note the passing of this once popular recreation. He may ask why the present generation has decided to do away with it. The chief reasons are that the bowling alley is in a bad state of decay. It has never once been repaired since it was built twenty years ago. There is nothing in it to keep it warm, and just why the tournaments under these wretched conditions continued for so long, is that the co-eds were allowed to be spectators. Two years ago they were forbidden to attend. Since then interest in the game has waned rapidly, in spite of the heroic efforts of the Association to keep it up. The latest move by the Association ends bowling on Kendall Green for good, unless the Faculty sees fit to improve the alley or to allow the co-eds to be spectators once more.

News has come to us that a girl baby has reached the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sowell, in Baltimore, Md. The happy father and mother have the congratulations of all their friends here.

Mr. Arthur Steidemann, '02, we have learnt indirectly has been appointed lay-reader and assistant to Rev. Cloud, '87, at St. Thomas' Mission in St. Louis.

Happy New Year to all.

P. T. HUGHES, '03.

December 28, 1902.

The "laying on of hands" is said to be a sure cure for the cigarette habit if attended to at the proper time. The left hand should be placed upon the neck of the youngster, with a gentle though firm pressure forward and downward, bringing the urchin in a proper attitude over the maternal knee; then apply the right hand where it will do the most good. Two or three treatments will effect a cure—*The Boy.*

Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight.—*Shake.*

A SUPERB EXHIBITION OF MOVING PICTURES

Thursday, January 15, at 8 P.M., in the

Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church,

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

The entertainment is given under the auspices of the Society of Deaf Members, who have arranged for an evening of unalloyed enjoyment with such an array of pictures as will interest, instruct and delight every one, the series lasting from five to twenty minutes, and the whole extending over two hours. A written description will precede the views, and music will be provided for the hearing friends.

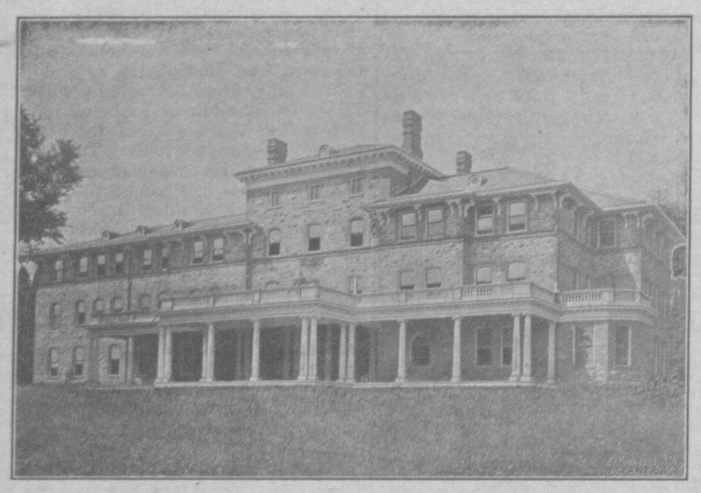
TICKETS, THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.

Volta Bureau
1601—35th St

The Gallaudet Home and its Founder.

DURING this month the aged and infirm deaf-mutes, who have for the past two years been in temporary quarters, in a rented mansion in Poughkeepsie, will be transferred to the new Home, midway between New Hamburg and Poughkeepsie.

The disastrous fire which reduced to ashes the old Home, has given place to the fine, new, fireproof building which is pictured here.



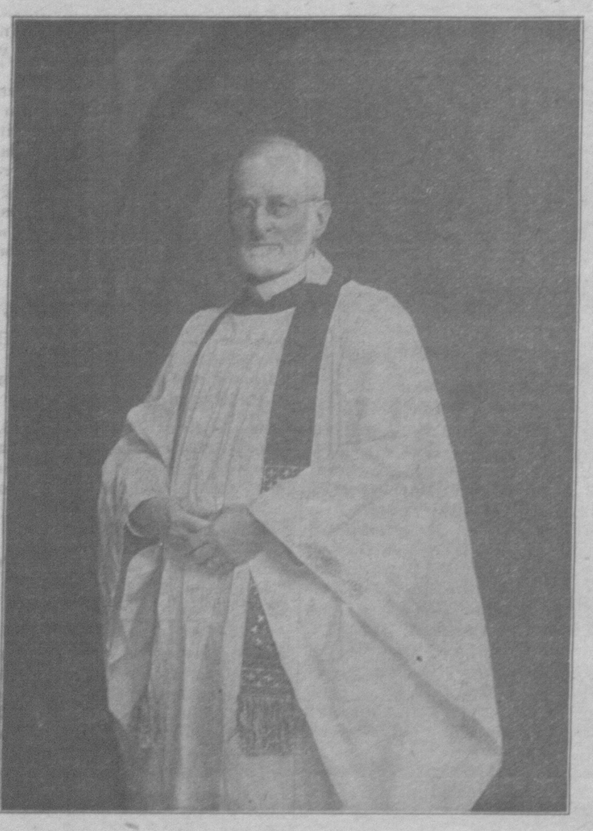
THE GALLAUDET HOME FOR DEAF-MUTES.

It is located on a farm of one hundred and fifty-six acres, on a high and healthful eminence, and has cost in the vicinity of seventy-five thousand dollars.

The present edifice contains a chapel, library and general dining room, with sleeping accommodations, in separate wings, for men and women, respectively.

The facilities for ventilation, heating, bathing, etc., are all on the most moderate and perfect lines.

Since the death of Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, his assistant in church and charity work, Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain, has been appointed General Manager.



THE LATE REV. THOMAS GALLAUDET, D.D., L.H.D.

The most valuable and desirable services of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's daughter, Miss Virginia B. Gallaudet, have been secured as Assistant General Manager, with the proviso, insisted upon by Miss Gallaudet, that no salary or emolument shall be attached to the office. Her desire is to serve the deaf from motives of love alone, and to do her share in perpetuating the beneficent charity founded by her beloved and lamented father.

A board of lady managers, with Mrs. C. M. Nelson as President, give their time and services to promoting the welfare of the establishment and the comfort of its inmates.

Although there is at present an endowment fund from which is derived an income for general expenses, this of itself is not sufficient to meet all demands, and an appeal is made to the deaf and to the public in general for donations to help along the good work.

Another Blind Deaf Girl.

We find the following extract from an Eastern paper lying on our table among some other clippings. We don't know whence it came, nor how long it has been here, but as it contains some interesting facts respecting the method of teaching those who can neither see nor hear, we reprint it.—*Cal News.*

After the long vacation the pupils of the Perkins Institution for the Blind began work again this morning and the ancient building that was the pride of Dr. Samuel G. Howe's heart was alive again with young life and merriment. In the girls' department there were eighty-five pupils entered and this number included four from the kindergarten and five new ones. One of the newcomers is Marian Rostron, a little auburn-haired girl of twelve from Fall River, who is blind, deaf and dumb. It meant something of a sacrifice to open the doors to this new girl, for every child who is so helpless needs the entire attention of a teacher, and as the teacher must have a room by herself the room that would have been used for two pupils is turned over to her, and thus one child in reality occupies the space that could have been used by three. But the seriousness and importance of these cases are fully appreciated by Mr. Anagnos, and ever since the day when Dr. Howe discovered a new world to Laura Bridgman the institution has done all in its power to rescue every soul so handicapped from an existence that would be worse than chaos. Utterly isolated from the sound of the human voice and forever shut from the sight of all that is beautiful, it would be only a little while before the immature mind would lose its individuality and the illumination of the intellect would gradually fade. That is exactly what would have happened in the case of Marian Rostron. Until seven years of age she attended the public school, but gradually her powers of sight and hearing failed and it has been five years since she has had any intellectual training. This morning she was all excitement over the opening of the school and kept close to her teacher's side for her launching into the strange world would have been a dreary affair had there then no sympathetic hand to continually give assurance and lead her faltering steps aright in the maze of stairs and winding ways.

Her first writing lesson was a serious problem to her. The writing tablet, pasteboard with strongly indented lines, was placed in her hands, and a sheet of paper over it; but it was a long time before even with the teacher's guidance she could just catch the idea of letter formation. Finally she was led from one girl to another, who was also struggling at the table with a writing lesson, and being instructed just how to lay her hand lightly upon the hand of the writer while it was in action she soberly paid attention for a few moments, then gave a half audible chuckle of triumph and returning to her task demonstrated quickly that she had caught the idea. There was no more earnest pupil than she, as she laboriously bent to the task, and every time her teacher patted her hand in approval she laughed.

It was found necessary to engage a new teacher for Marian, and so it happens that Miss L. Mabel Forbush, a graduate of the State Normal School at Framingham, is her eyes, ears and voice. Marian's facial expression indicates that she has a sweet and amiable disposition and is quite as full of fun as the average girl She has a fine physique. There are now five blind, deaf and dumb pupils at the Institution. They are Thomas Stringer, Elizabeth Robin, Edith Thomas, Cora Crocker and Marian Rostron. Last April Cora Crocker was admitted, and a very interesting little character she proved to be. She is fair, with delicate complexion, golden hair and blue eyes Her home is in Pittsfield. Until entering the institution she had never been taught to express herself, but being clever she had acted out everything, until now it is a difficult matter to get her to use the more plodding way of receiving and giving messages by the hand. This morning she spent three hours with her own particular teacher reviewing all the words she knew. As soon as she got an inkling of the meaning of the word as it was spelled out she would look intensely interested and the instant the meaning dawned upon her see acted its meaning. As, for instance, the word drum came up, but before it was completely spelled Cora was drumming in wild spirits on the table and laughing hilariously in a voice that was exultant in spite of its harshness. She is a very nervous child and speaks with lightning-like rapidity, but only her teacher would probably understand her.

Puritan New Year's.

The Puritans objected to New Year's gifts as a heathenish custom, but it was quite as universal as Christmas gifts.—*Exchange.*

The French grow chestnuts that are from two or three times as large as the American variety.

DRAMATIC
And SOCIAL
Entertainment

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society

FOR THE DEATH BENEFIT

TO BE HELD AT

755 Broad Street,
Over Wiss' Store,
NEWARK, N. J.

Saturday, January 24, 1902,
Door open at 8 o'clock P.M.

ADMISSION, - - - 15 CENTS.

Prizes to the winners of different games.

Come and enjoy yourself.

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"QUIET FIVE,"
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TRENTON MUTES
of Trenton, N. J.

On Saturday Evening,
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Game at 8:30 P.M.

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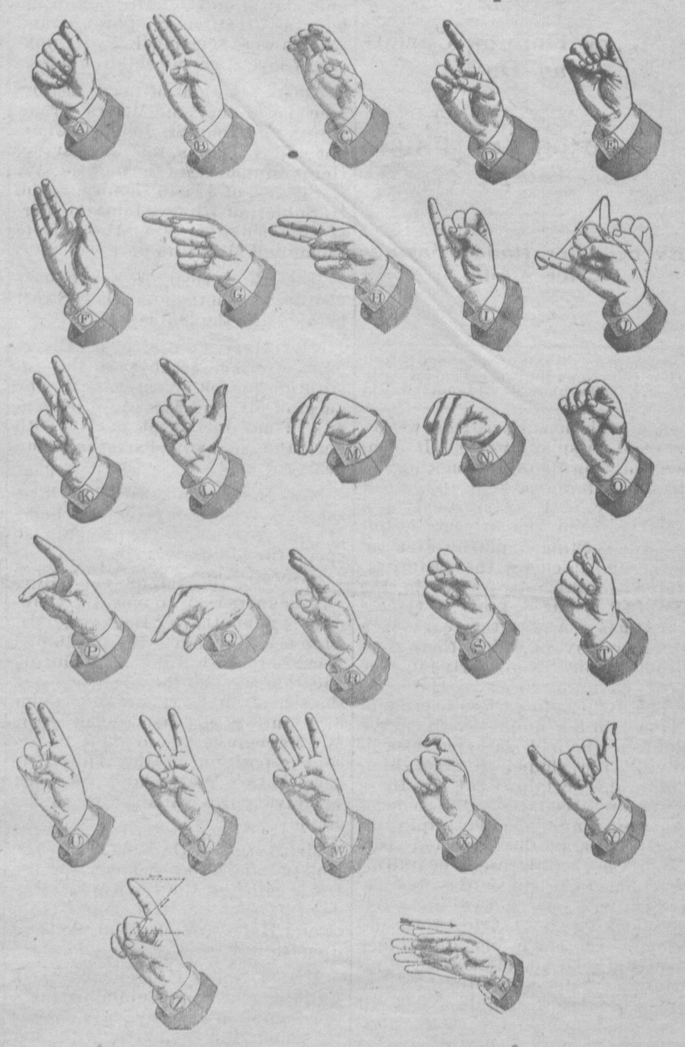
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